THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXVI. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, MAY 11, 1916. No. 19

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Allerton St.

Pacific Theological Seminary Berkeley, Calif.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE.

If thou of fortune be bereft,
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves—sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

But not alone does beauty bide
Where bloom and tint and fragrance hide;
The Minstrel's melody may feed
Perhaps a more insistent need.

But even Beauty—howe'er blent
To ear or eye—fails to content;
Only the Heart—with Love afire—
Can satisfy the Soul's desire.

—James Terry White.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

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SOME WORD PICTURES OF LIFE IN ENGLAND.

For several weeks The Pacific has been giving each week a page or two of notes on "Present Day Life and Thought in England." This has been in order that our people here might have some realization of what the people of Europe are enduring—not so much on the battle field as in their home and industrial life. We would give such notes on Germany and France and other countries but the articles from which to complete them are not at our command.

The fact is, nothing matters much today but the war. There are lessons in it for us as well as for the people of Europe. We do not doubt that if the nations of Europe stood today where they stood in August 1914 they would find some way to avoid the war. All realize that it isn't worth the price they are paying for it—no matter how determined each side is to continue until it has same marked advantage.

General Grant remarked in the closing years of his life: "Though I have been a trained soldier and have participated in many battles, there never was a time, in my opinion, when some way could have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword.

It is to be hoped that the awfulness of this war will operate to make war less possible in the future.

Accordingly, the all-important question just now is, Will we learn the lessons we should learn by the war?

We will not learn them if we live on the surface of things, and read nothing about the war except what comes concerning the fighting, from day to day in the daily papers. What we need to know is whether the people of war-stricken Europe are "finding their souls." If so, what the process is. For we, in this country, need also to find ours.

Never before was there so deeply impressed on the minds of the people all around the world the need for more of the Christ Spirit in all the affairs of life, individual and national. Never was there such a sense of the oneness of mankind despite the bloody struggle in Europe. While it is true that nationalism, and not internationalism, is being emphasized, they are blind who fail to see that out of the ashes of this war the world will arise to a wider, a more universal brotherhood.

In our reading of British publications we have come across two poems of much pathos and suggestiveness. One by Eleanor Alexander, in the London Times, entitled "Who Sleeps?" The other by John Oxenham, entitled "Vox Clamantis." We quote them here as showing some of the experiences the people of that nation are having.

"Who Sleeps?

"Midnight and England; in the curtained room
Shadow upon grey shadow creeps
Till black, all conquering, dominates the gloom,
And darkness cries—Who sleeps?

"Who sleeps—the bride? She girt him for the fight,
Gay when her happy warrior went,
Now empty arms she stretches to the night
With passionate lament.

"Who sleeps—the old man? Up the wind-swept street
He heard a brown battalion come,
And all night long his weary worn-old feet
Keep measure with the drum.

"Who sleeps—the mother? Immemorial throes
Torture her heart and labored breath.
This hour it may be her beloved goes
Undaunted into death.

* * * * * * *

"On desolated far-off fields, who sleep?
We know not, but through summer's green,
We know their rigid hands that hold, will keep
The flag of England clean.

"Who sleeps? Faint and forsworn, no sentinel
Beneath the trenches' snarling lips;
Not one on guard where moonlit waters swell
Under the battleships.

"They sleep not for whom furnace smoke-clouds roll,
Nor they who forge for England's care,
Armor laid on the anvil of her soul
And hammered out with prayer.

"Who sleeps—your God on his eternal hill,
And Zion falls, and Rachel weeps?
Captain of hosts and our salvation still,
He slumbers not nor sleeps."

Vox Clamantis."

The poem by John Oxenham, entitled "Vox Clamantis," takes us into the rattle and clatter and clank and whir of military preparations into which the women have been drawn, and pictures the hardness of it and yet withal the determination to stand fast to the end. It is both a bemoaning of conditions and a call to service.

"Rattle and clatter and clank and whirr,"
And its long and long the day is.
From earliest morn to late at night,
And all night long, the self-same song—
"Rattle and clank and whirr;"
Day in, day out, all night—
"Rattle and clank and whirr";
With faces tight; with all our might—
"Rattle and clank and whirr."
We may not stop and we dare not err;
Our men are risking their lives out there,
And we at home must do our share;
But it's long and long the day is.
We'll break if we must, but we cannot spare
A thought for ourselves or the kids or care.

For it's "Rattle and clatter and clank and whirr."
Our men are giving their lives out there
And we'll give ours, we'll do our share—
"Rattle and clank and whirr,"
Are our faces grave and our eyes intent?
Is every ounce that is in us bent
On the uttermost pitch of accomplishment?
Though it's long and long the day is!
Ah—we know what it means if we fool or slack:
A rifle jammed; and one comes not back.
And we never forget—it's for us they gave.
And so we will slave and slave and slave
Lest the men at the front should rue it.
Their all they gave, and their lives we'll save
If the hardest work can do it;
But it's long and long the day is.

* * * * * * *

Eight hours, ten hours, twelve hours shift—
Oh it's long and long the day is!
Up before light and home in the night,
That is our share in the desperate fight,
And it's long and long the day is!
Backs and arms and heads that ache.
Eyes over-tired and legs that shake;
And hearts full nigh to burst and break,—
Oh, it's long and long the day is!

"Rattle and clatter and clank and whirr,"
And thousands of wheels a-spinning—
Spinning death for the men of wrath,
Spinning death for the broken troth,
—And life and a new beginning.
Was there ever since ever the world was made
Such a horrible trade for a peace-loving maid?
And such wonderful, terrible spinning?

* * * * * * *

Oh, it's dreary work and it's weary work—
But none of us will fail or shirk;—
Not women's work,—that should make, not mar;
But the devil drives when the world's at war;—
And it's long and long the day is!"

We can but admire the spirit breathing in these two poems—the rising above the darkness and pain and hardship of it all. Nevertheless, may God spare us as a people such experiences!

WHAT THE WOMEN OF FRANCE ARE DOING.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Post writes of what the women of France are doing at home in war time, and considers what their future will be when the men come home.

"In France the peasant women have always worked together with their men. It has kept the family united, and the family is one strong unit of French life. Now that war has separated them, the women hold the fort at home, and the men hold the forts around Verdun and along hundreds of miles of the frontier. The men fight and die to keep the enemy from their homes—and their wives and homes deserve it.

"When the men who have not died come marching home again to their farms, they and their women will work together again as one in their one farm. In town work it may not be so easy.

"Where husband and wife work together, there will be little difficulty. The woman will take her old place at the desk and receive the money and make change and pay and keep the books while the man sells and supervises, and when he takes a holiday, she will portion out spending money for him. But in big shops and factories, in subways and tramways, even to the sweeping of the streets, women have been taking the places of men and will be their competitors after war. The loss of so many men in war may for a time make it easy to keep these women who have learned the work and are sure of their living because they have a chance to earn it—but not always and everywhere.

"It will not be a question of women's cheap labor against the larger pay of men—for if law cannot settle that competition, the workmen's unions will do it. But will workmen allow workwomen to keep the places and the chances of earning a living wage for themselves, when men are ready to hand?"

Brieux, the renowned social playwright and academician, is said to view the problem in this way:

"I fear that, after the war, the competition, the economic struggle between the man and the woman—the new war of sexes—will take a new character. I had my fears before. The man has already been finding in the workshop and at the counter and office the women as his rival, his competitor. What shall it be when war is over?

"Our soldiers will come back and receive the applause they deserve, and they will hang among their family treasures their laurel crowns and kiss their children—and then they will wish to have back the employment which they had before they marched to war.

"The women will say, 'I have now the habit of earning my living. This work, which you thought I was incapable of doing, I can do and I have proved it. I am accustomed to the independence which is given by paid work. I am here and here I stay. You can go elsewhere.'

"The man will answer: 'The war is over. I suffered in it and it was just for this—to defend my country, that is, my liberty and my work. I come back with glory. I was tired, but I am rested. It is for you to go away.'

"The woman will be right and the man, too. It is when both adversaries are right that the struggle is keener. From the start let us acknowledge it. Whether we wish or not, whether we rejoice or deplore, it is impossible, even in bad faith to dispute the fact—feminism (the cause of woman's rights) has been making giant strides.

"Our women of France have been admirable. It is not only on farms. In town we see cafe waitresses—'garconnes'—and street car conductors. The police cap they wear so brave and blithely is not a mere head-dress—it is the military sign of mobilization also. Let those laugh now who used to talk of the woman's 'weak organism.' It is a weakness that has withstood the fatigue of the metal mill and woman's frail hands have polished helmets and stuffed bombshells and verified cannon.

"Women have now eaten of the fruit forbidden them, not by God, but by men. They have learned ,they know what they can do. The revelation was possible for them, because the man was not there to say, "Leave that alone.' What is going to happen?"

Here Brieux, picturing life as it is, rises to a vision of the future. Because it is not what Americans, more used than the French to a certain practice of women's rights, would forsee, it is, none the less deserving to be known. Perhaps one, or even two of the Frenchman's remedies for the coming evil can find a use in America:

"Since there is an evil, let us seek the remedies to-

gether. As for me, I can only see these:

"'(1.) The man must give up alcohol. But he has to he helped to do it, and you have got to take away the excuse—"The saloon is the poor man's parlor."

"'(2.) The man must respect the woman and no longer treat her as a weak thing, silly, and bound to subjection.

"'(3.) The abominable institution of the dot (the dowry which is necessary to a girl's marriage in France in all classes of society) must disappear. The man and woman must not get married to be "settled in life," at the end of their youth, but in its full bloom andto live their whole life together, with the risks of the beginning and the struggles that follow ond the joys of success.

"'(4.) Mothers must teach their sons to respect women.

(5.) Not one honest woman must be at peace so long as she knows that somewhere some other woman is forced to sell herself from sheer misery of body or soul.

"Are the remedies good? Are there any others? Answer—you, too, who are at the front, our sons and our brothers who suffer so many evils for our sake."

JAPANESE IMMIGRATION.

By K. K. Kawakami,

Author of "American Japanese Relations," "Asia at the Door."

With the Japanese government launching a protest against a certain wording of the Representative John L. Burnett's immigration bill, the question of Japanese immigration is once again attracting wide attention.

In reading the newspaper accounts of the Japanese protest two points must be kept in mind. First, the Burnett bill is in reality a Japanese exclusion bill directed particularly against the Japanese. Secondly, Japan's intention in protesting against it is not to seek, either immediately or eventually, the free immigration of her nationals into this country.

The first point calls for explanation. The Burnett bill does not name the Japanese among the races it wants to exclude, but proposes to exclude all aliens ineligible to citizenship. On its face the provision is applicable to all Asians. In reality, however, it hits especially the Japanese, because the existing Chinese exclusion law takes care of Chinese immigration , while the Hindu immigration is restricted by the voluntary act of the British government which is always reluctant to permit Hindus to go abroad for fear that they may start seditious movement against British rule in India. The Burnett bill specifically names the Hindu as a race to be excluded and then goes on to add "aliens ineligible to citizenship" as another category of excluded Asians. At bottom and in its practical application, therefore, the phrase "aliens ineligible to citizenship" in this case means the Japanese. That is why Japan thinks the bill is a direct challenge to Japan's honor as well as to her sincerity in adhering to the "gentlemen's agreement."

The second point is equally important. Let no American think for a moment that the Japanese protest against the Burnett bill signifies Japan's intention to remove the ban put upon the immigration of her nationals. Japan is, of her own accord, willing to restrict the emigration of her subjects for these shores, and has faithfully adhered to the "gentlemen's agreement." If the United States approaches her in a manner that will not injure her susceptibilities, Japan will be glad to renew the gentlemen's agreement in 1923 when it terminates and continue it indefinitely. What she resents is an unnecessary affront such as is implied in the immigration bill. The Japanese Government thinks, and with good reason, that it has done everything to meet America's wish in the matter of immigration. Naturally, she does not understand why it has to be made an object of such a thinly veiled insult at the hands of American legislators.

Statistical aspects of the actual working of the gentlemen's agreement are important. When that agreement began to work effectively in 1909 Japanese immigration to continental United States fell to 2,432 from 9,544 for the preceding year. Against 2,432 admitted in that year 5,004 Japanese departed from these shores. Again, in 1910 only 2,598 were admitted, while 5,024 returned to Japan. Since 1911 Japanese immigration gradually increased until in 1915 it reached 9,029. But it must be remembered that the increase is mainly due to the fact that those Jauanese who had gone home on a visit in the preceding few years have gradually been coming back to this country for the Japanese Government has not been sending any new immigrants. That this statement is in the main correct can be judged from the fact that in the seven years from 1909 to 1915, 38,932 Japanese entered continental United States, while 39,932 departed for Japan. It must also be kept in mind that the year 1915 was the exposition year, bringing many Japanese to San Francisco in connection with the Panama Pacific International Exposition—an exposition to which Japan sent a magnificent exhibit in spite of California's ungenerous attitude towards her.

Japan would be neither logical nor consistent if she were to permit the Burnett bill to pass unchallenged, after she had protested against California's land law which used exactly the same language as the bill in question in discriminating against the Japanese. Indeed, Governor Johnson intimated that Japan should first of all contest such bills as have been proposed by Representative Burnett, when he, in defending the anti-alien land bill, uttered these words; "May I venture to call to your attention the immigration law now pending in congress where certain classes, who are excluded from our country, are described as persons who cannot become eligible to become citizens of the United States?"

If the utterances of Japanese statesmen and publicists indicate anything they indicate that Japan is amenable to any friendly conference on the question of immigration. Their knowledge that the gentlemen's agreement is an unfair and discriminatory agreement does not prevent them from abiding by it, for they are willing to concede that international relations cannot always be adjusted in perfect accord with justice and humanity. When San Francisco expelled innocent Jauanese children from her public schools in 1906 Japan returned the "compliment" with a gift of $246,000 to the earthquake-stricken city at the Golden Gate. When California again slapped her in the face by enacting the anti-Japanese land law, she replied with an expenditure of $1,500,000 for the exposition at San Francisco. It is to be hoped that Japan will in the future prove as patient and gracious as in the past.

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than to be crowded on a velvet cushion.—Thoreau.

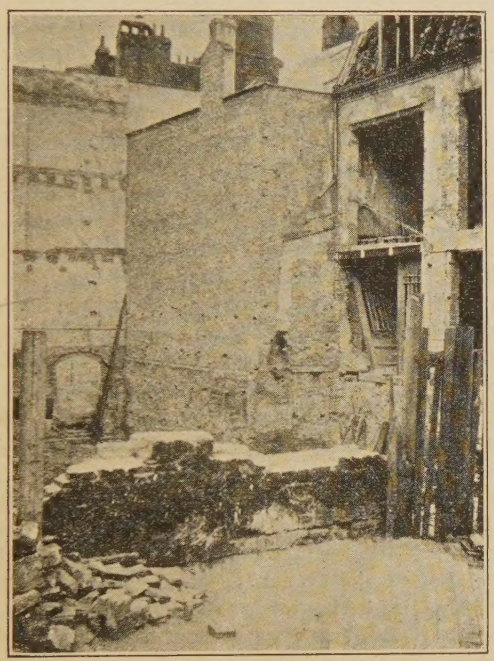
A DAY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

By Dr. Loyal Lincoln Wirt.

"That must have been another 'Jack Johnson,'" exclaimed the college professor who had met me an hour before at the Dunkirk Station and driven me in his automobile to the headquarters of the American Ambulance Corps.

We were sitting at dinner in a fine old chateau fronting the sea. A dozen ambulance drivers were about the table —mostly American college boys with a sprinkling of professors and literary men. Henry Sydnor Harrison, the inspirer of "Queed," was of their number, but away with his ambulance at the time bringing in the wounded.

Dunkirk was still receiving an occasional shell from the big German forty-two centimetre guns planted twenty-four miles away beyond Poperinghe.



Result of One Shell.

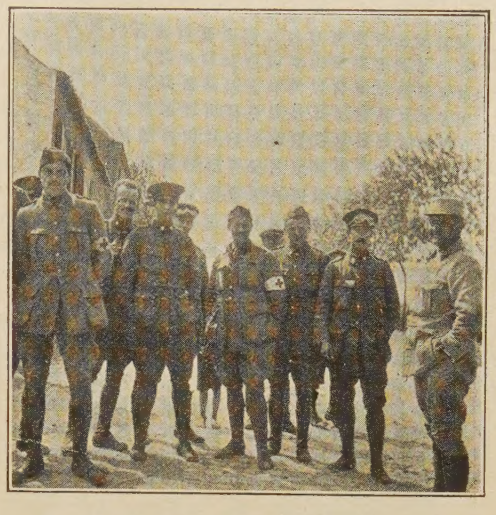
The accompanying photograph, which I took the next day, shows the effect of a single shell. A building had been completely wiped out leaving the surrounding buildings standing. I can think of no figure that describes it so well as the pulling of a boy's first tooth. One moment a villa or shop or factory is there, and the next it is gone, with only a huge hole in the ground to mark the spot. The cartridge stands five foot seven inches high, is seventeen inches in diameter and is exploded by a clock-work arrangement which gives the projecticle time to bury itself before it bursts.

Upon hearing the deafening report I leaped from my chair—nearly upsetting the table. Rushing out with the others, we saw a cloud of yellow smoke drifting out to sea.

People were hurrying across the beach to a great hole in the sand, some six feet deep and thirty feet across, made by the exploding shell.

This was my "baptism of fire" and prepared my nerves for the real thing on the morrow.

Through the kind offices of Ambassador Page and Hon. A. Piatt Andrew, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and present Director of the American Ambulance in France, I had received from the Military authorities the coveted passes which enabled me to make my way from Paris to Boulogne, from Boulogne to Calais and finally from Calais to Dunkirk—and the lines.



Dr. Wirt's Military Escort.

We left Dunkirk in a powerful, gray, military automobile. There were four of us—my escort and guide, a young French captain (extreme right in photograph), the Chief of the Dunkirk Ambulance Squad (extreme left in photograph), the chauffeur and myself.

With the outskirts of the city behind us, we struck into a broad highway which followed a sluggish canal for several miles. We were frequently stopped by sentries who carefully examined my papers; sometimes the pass word only was sufficient.

Many soldiers, off duty, were fishing from the banks of the canal. An occasional heavy canal boat lumbered past.

Drawing up to one of these, the captain called out to the crew to lift the canvas side curtains. When this was done, there lay revealed, to my astonishment, a long black cannon. Even the canal boats are heavily armed.

After two hours of swift traveling, we crossed into Belgium—or at least that small triangular portion of it, about the size of an American county, which still shows the Belgian flag flying defiantly from every building not in ruins. A few families were still to be seen, trying hard to hold on and keep from being crushed between the upper and nether mill stones.

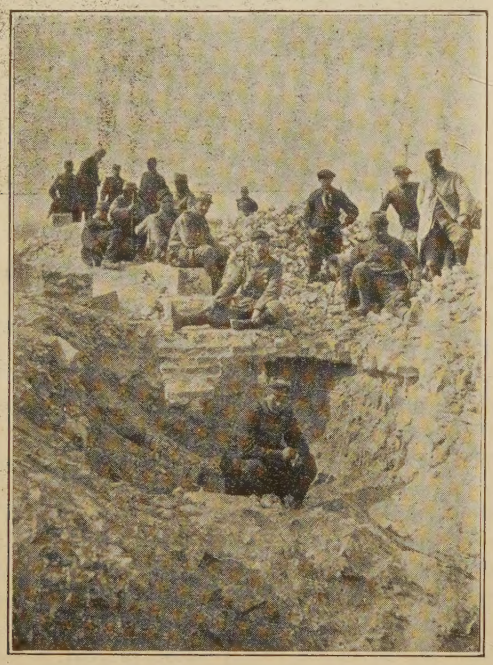
I know nothing sadder than the sight of the Belgian children playing midst the ruins of their once happy homes.

It is difficult to say when I first became conscious of cannonading, but by the time we had left the French border sharp detonations were plainly heard.

Turning from the main road at a point about ten miles from Dunkirk, and still within France, we soon came in sight of the sea and the handsome residences of a once-famous watering-place. "I have brought you here," said the Captain, "that you might verify the statement often made, and as often denied, that the Germans, years ago,

prepared bases, on foreign soil, for their heavy siege guns."

The place through which we were now slowly passing was made up almost exclusively of summer residences surrounded by extensive gardens. These had been occupied until war made them untenable by wealthy English, French and German families. We were approaching a fine estate, close by the sea, owned by a German gentleman. His residence had been erected several years ago—eleven, I believe, to be exact. A company of soldiers had torn down the villa and were engaged in dynamiting its foundation. I photographed the knoll of debris and the workmen, as we drew near. At the request of the captain, I carefully examined the foundation, about one-third of which had been blown up. It was one solid piece of concrete. The top had served as the first floor of the villa and was inlaid with mosaic in beautiful patterns. Not satisfied, I got down in the hole made by the blasting and photographed the rough edge of the foundation where it had been torn away. The photograph represents not the outer contour of the foundation but a spot near the center of the building. There was no doubt about it—the foundation had been one solid piece of stonework, five or six feet deep and extending the whole width of the house—probably thirty feet.



Site of a German's Ruined Villa near Dunkirke.

I am not prepared to say that this had originally been designed as a base for a siege gun—but I do say it was capable of being so used. Certainly its strength was out of all proportion to the requirements of the house which had stood upon it for years.

But there was corroborative evidence. Summer cottages do not possess elevators. This one had a very substantial "lift." The cage had been supported by strong upright steel bars. These bars were still standing imbedded in the cement. The cage, cable and motor were nearby. I examined them. The elevator had undoubtedly been used as a household convenience. It was also capable of lifting a forty-two centimetre shell.

In this connection, a statement made by a fellow passenger on my return voyage may be of interest. He was in charge of the Paris branch of a German business house with headquarters in Berlin. As early as July fifteenth, 1914, he received peremptory orders (so he informed me) to close up the affairs of the Paris branch and leave France without delay.

Reaching Dixmude we were fairly within the zone of fire. The roar of the batteries became more and more distinct. Shells were bursting not far away—the puffs of yellow smoke drifting over the landscape like ragged balloons.

Soon we came to the back line redoubts and trenches—new ones, none having as yet been used.

If the next three miles was a typical section of this four hundred mile battle-line, and the German works are equally impregnable, I doubt if there is any military science known to man that can achieve a decisive victory for either side on this Western front. For soldiers to leave their trenches and charge across the zone of fire means almost certain death. To fight under ground is not warfare—it does not get anywhere—and one wonders how long the soldiers will submit to be turned into moles and miners.

To stand on a prepared battefield with fighting less than a mile away, and to realize that these torn up meadows may be the scene of desperate charge and counter-charge at any time (as indeed they were only a week later) is to be conscious of an entirely new set of emotions. My attention was first directed to a large number of horseshoe mounds, all exactly alike. These I was told were protections for the mitrailleuses in case a retreat became necessary. These most effective rapid-firers can be readily wheeled back by the artillery-men and swung in behind a horseshoe redoubt, with muzzle just clearing the bank. Here fresh ammunition is stored and the oncoming ranks swept with deadly effect. If the advance continues, the gunners again quickly wheel their machine-guns back to the next protection. There were hundreds of horseshoe embankments in sight.

Next came the real trenches. These are dug just deep enough to clear a man's shoulders. Then a row of green willow cylinders like waster paper baskets without bottoms, are placed before the trench as a protection for the head. Into these the dirt is thrown, as the trench is dug, until they are full—thus forming capital bullet-proof breast-works. The muskets are thrust between the baskets.

I was astonished to find how comfortable some of the trenches were. They are lined and floored with cement. Frequent short passages lead back to bomb proof quarters where the men live while off duty.

These back line trenches were not without evidences of rough comfort. Water is piped in, electric light and telephone wires are laid. Sanitation is also adequately provided for.

Seeing but few soldiers, I inquired of my kindly pilot the reason; he replied, "There are fifty thousand men within a mile of you—but they are out of sight. If they were not, the enemy's air-men would soon direct a shower of shells upon us from the batteries over yonder." As he spoke a concealed German battery sent a salvo over our heads.

At this time we were three and one-half miles beyond the French batteries, which we had passed an hour before, and within a mile and a half of the German guns. An artillery duel was being waged directly over our heads.

Nothing witnessed that day left a deeper impression upon my mind than the barb-wire entanglements. As a

boy, I once owned a three-year-old colt; barb-wire fences were new then. The pasture lot had been divided by a half dozen strands of this barbarous stuff. One day, the colt, with dog at heels, drove full tilt into the fence. He was thrown to the ground, his glossy flank and quivering side torn and lascerated by the cruel barbs. That scene came vividly to mind as I looked at this battlefield crossed by these inhuman obstructions designed not to catch and tear the flesh of cattle, but of men—men dogged on to lasceration and death by officers in the rear.. The cheapest thing in Europe is the body of a common soldier!

Early in the war entanglements were made of ordinary fencing wire. Then soldiers were supplied with clippers by the use of which they could cut their way through. Now they are made of special steel wire which cannot be cut—and the spikes are two inches long. Much of it is made in the city of Pittsburg.

The entanglement before us was made up of a dozen parallel fences standing about six feet apart; the whole thing as wide as a street and running across the landscape as far as the eye could see. Other wires crossed and re-crossed and recrossed the fences—making a veritable jungle through which a bird could scarcely ffy.

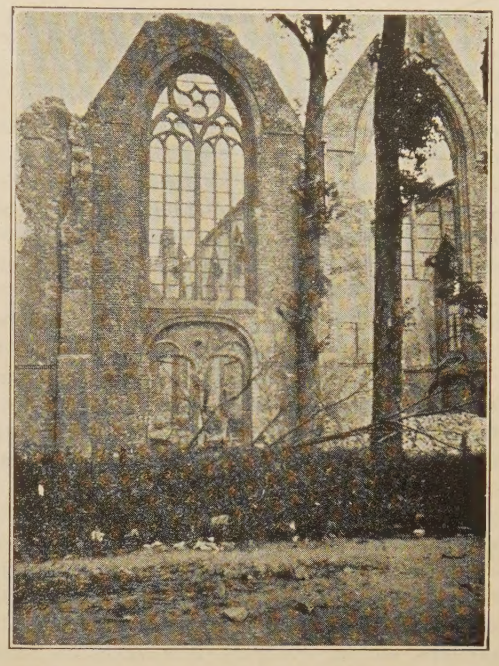
It takes something of courage and obedience to charge barriers of this description. The mind fairly staggers in picturing such an act of heroism on the part of an advancing army, with rows of machine guns sweeping their ranks.

We entered the outskirts of a once populous metropolis under promise to remember it only as the "nameless city." Passing through a park which must have been full of beauty, and doubtless echoed to the laughter of happy children a few months before, the destruction was seen to be complete. All about were broken fountains, prostrate statuary and trampled flower beds. Even the shade trees had been shot away; their shattered boles standing in mute but eloquent testimony to a tale that needed no telling.

It must have been a city of many thousands of people; with happy homes, thriving industries, busy shops, markets, schools and art galleries. As we motored up one ruined street and down another, I thought to count the buildings having complete roofs. I looked in vain; there were none. But, there were houses with one wall gone, two walls gone, three walls gone. I remember one large villa standing in a handsome old garden—or what remained of it. Three walls had been battered down. On the fourth, portraits and oil paintings were still hanging; objects of art stood on a mantle shelf; a lace curtain, blackened with powder smoke, blew in and out of a sashless window.

We traversed many debris filled streets but did not see a human being. Not even a dog or a cat. It was the valley of destruction; the city of desolation. Could I mention its name you would recognize it at once. It lies on that indeterminate line in Flanders which has been in the hands of the Teutons a half-dozen times, and as often retaken by the Allies. On that day the French were holding it, but from recent dispatches I gather it is now in the hands of the Germans. Seemingly not satisfied with complete destruction, a shell would occasionally burst near us, a wall crumple up and a column of dust and smoke mount upward.

Thus did we come to the last street of the City—the street containing the cathedral. I begged to be allowed to photograph the roofless, battered shell of what had been so recently a fine old church. The captain said the exposure of the camera would cost him his commission if we



Ruined Church in "the Nameless City."

were seen. But he was a good sport. No one appearing in sight he spoke to the chauffeur, the auto slowed down, I released the spring—and the result you have—the only photograph taken within the "Nameless City" since its evacuation.

The "first line," or fighting trenches are just behind the Cathedral. The din of the machine-guns, punctuated by the sharp reports of the hand-grenades and the roar of the batteries was all about us. Keeping carefully hidden behind the standing walls we turned and left the battle-line, the trenches and the city, by another road.

"Have you had enough?" said the captain. "Yes," I replied. "Enough for a life time." But the shadows were not all in the picture—yet.

We had difficulty in passing a tree which had been shot away and had fallen in the road so recently that its leaves were still unwithered.

Out in the sweet country again I was just beginning to relax from the strain of the last few hours when we stopped to allow a company of soldiers to pass before us. They were coming down a road at right angles to our own, leading directly from the trenches, a half mile away.

At first I could not believe these men were soldiers. Their hands and faces were blackened; their uniforms caked with clay and blood. They shuffled along without military order—knapsacks empty, guns held in any position; the most utterly weary, tragic, sympathy-inspiring figures I ever looked upon. The captain said they had entered the trenches three weeks before, a full regiment—twenty-five hundred or three thousand men. Now not more than one thousand were returning.

Then we heard the notes of a bugle and turning, saw their relief coming—a regiment in perfect order and equipment, swinging along under fine discipline; a handsome sight, eight abreast, shoulders back, uniforms clean, eighty-

five pounds in every knapsack. Have you ever heard Mother Earth give back the sound of three thousand marching patriots—not on dress parade, but along a country road within a half mile of their battle-field? Every foot fall is a note from their National Anthem, every heart beat a tattoo of grim courage, and every thought a wireless home.

The soldiers from the trenches crowded to the side of the roadway to permit their comrades to pass. They were going in to take their places. They would fight for a few weeks—and perhaps one man in three would come back. I never heard anything so tenderly pathetic as the cheer that broken regiment gave their brothers as they swung by—one mile from the front—**going in.** Was it a cheer, or was it a sob?

I wish I could stop here. I shrink from the remainder of that journey. But I am trying to give a faithful narrative of one day in the six hundred savage days which stretch back to the invasion of Belgium. I am trying to picture with fidelity one day and five short miles in the four hundred angry miles which stretch from the dykes to the snows—so I must put it all in.

When the last strain of fife and drum died away we sped on down the road.

Soon I noticed that the surrounding fields were apparently given over to the cultivation of the grape. Rows of rough stakes were standing everywhere. I had lived in California long enough to know how vines are supported, but looking more closely I could see no evidence of growing vines. Instead, I noticed that each stake bore a short cross piece. With a sickening sense of horror I comprehended—these were soldiers' graves.

Beside each rude cross was another, and still another—a long line of them stretched across the meadows and up to the tops of the surrounding hills. Six feet from the first row was another row—and beyond still other rows. There seemed to be no end to the rows. Turning to the opposite side of the road the same dreary scene met my eyes. Across the fields and up to the hilltops I saw nothing but little wooden crosses.

Each cross marked a grave.

The grave of a young man.

The grave of a Nation's future.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., April 15th, 1916.

SOME EVENTS AND EXPERIENCES IN OHIO.

J. E. Walker.

Recently I made a trip across this State from Oberlin to Springfield. In a hundred and forty miles I saw just one little hill, and a line or two of very low hills. Yet there was no dead level ground nor any untillable spots. Small groves of deciduous tree occupied about one-tenth; and all the rest was either field or meadow. There were occasional flocks of sheep, and now and then poultry yards; but very few swine were seen. The dwelling-houses were large, but in need of new paint. There were many ancient orchards, but no new ones. The timber has become too scant for protection against late spring frosts.

I was present at a part of the meetings of the Miami Congregational Conference; but the best part had come the evening before, because the members of the Legonda Avenue Congregational Church (Rev. H. A. N. Richards) were mainly workmen.

Last Wednesday I attended the meeting of the Medina Conference which met with the First Congregational Church at North Ridgeville, about twelve miles east of Oberlin. Ohio is covered with a net work of electric roads, and it was a forty minutes run to North Ridgeville. The principal feature of the morning session was the discussion of the case of several small country churches, dying or dead. The plan was adopted of committing each one to the care of some nearby prosperous neighbor church to resuscitate. To offset this one new church with thirty odd members has sprung up in a long churchless neighborhood.

In the afternoon the reports of the churches showed a prosperous year. Then two Oberlin divinity students were examined for ordination. These two were Mr. Adams, who is a graduate of Doane College, Neb., and Mr. McConnell a graduate of Pomona College, Cal. Both were men of more than average ability; and the first choice of each had been for the Foreign Field, but Providence otherwise ordered. Each presented at some length a well thought out statement of belief. Rather oddly the only question discussed was, "Would you baptize an infant both of whose parents were not church members?" The candidate replied in effect that if he had good reason to believe that the child would receive Christian nurture. Yes, if not, No.

In the evening Mr. McConnell was ordained pastor of the North Ridgeville church to which he has ministered for two years. From Oberlin came President King to preach the sermon. Dean Bosworth to offer the Ordaining prayer, and Prof. Hutchins to give the charge to the people. Mr. Adams will be ordained this coming week over a not distant church. Thus nearby churches have the best chance to pick. These young men both have families. The Foreign Field was graphically presented by Mrs. Kemper Fullerton, and especially the share that women are taking in the work.

A month ago Mr. Jerome Davis, son of "Col." J. D. Davis, D.D., took his departure from Oberlin to engage in Y. M. C. A. work among the German prisoners of war in Russia.

In Oberlin yesterday six religious services were held which did not overlap. At 9:15 A . M., Dr. Harrison of Arabia addressed the Student Volunteers in Council Hall chapel. It was crowded, about one-third of the audience being young men. His topic was "The Call To Be A Missionary. He recognized only one call, "Go ye into all nations," which gave the Foreign Field the first claim on every follower of Christ. At the regular morning service in the First Church, Mr. Mace of Canton, Ohio, presented the cause of the Anti Saloon League. For four years he was Prosecuting Officer in the Juvenile Court at the capital of this state; and he is now at the head of its Anti-Saloon League. He told how, years ago, he came to Oberlin as a member of an Ohio State University team, and the Oberlin team wrecked their hopes of winning the state championship. He also spoke feelingly of the fact that the First Congregational Church of Oberlin was the birth place of the League. During his four years at the capital, the cases of fully six thousand children passed through his hands; and the saloons were to blame for over ninety per cent of these. Correspondence with the prosecuting officers of many other Juvenile Courts showed an average of about eighty-seven per cent chargeable to the saloons. Of the 6,000 cases 42 per cent were born defective in mind or body, and of these every nineteen out of twenty had one or both parents in-

temperate.

After the morning services came the Sunday Schools, and also President King's Bible Class. At 4 P. M. came a vesper service in the 2nd Church; at 6 P. M., Dr. Harrison spoke on his work in Arabia; and at 7 P. M., Dr. Dan F. Bradley of Cleveland, preached at the First Church. A hearer who did not agree with Dr. Bradley described his discourse as a corruscating attack on the Preparedness Movement. I had just before been assured by a resident of this city that every German in this region was armed, while, aside from these, you could not scare up twenty rifles in Oberlin, There is a growing feeling that we are "monkeying with a buzz-saw."

OPTIGRAMS.

The Kingdom of God is near all men, but not all men are near the Kingdom.

Average ability coupled with moral quality is one of the most precious factors in our civilization.

There is more loyalty in the world than perfidy, more love than hate, more blessing than cursing.

The Bible sees some beauty nestling in the heart of ugliness, some glint of gold about each piece of clay.

God may speak to men through some deathless book, some extra pressure of responsibility, some enriching friendship, some great human need, some golden hour of upward desire.

Shells hurtling through the air are the awful materialization of hate..thoughts that have been cherished in the hearts.

Naked, brutal force has never settled anything yet. Stoning Stephen to death only gave him a more distinguished immortality.

We do not want "peace at any price." We want to pay justice, truth, trust, good will and service for it.

God has no stepchildren. His whole love is the property of each human being.

Climb the ladder of the noblest earthly fatherhood to the topmost rung and look off upon The Fatherhood of God.

The Love of God is deeper than sin, sorrow and death. Beneath all graves and wrecks are the Everlasting Arms.

We worry because we are too much concerned about the impression we make on others. Study the lily; it indulges in no stupid and costly ostentation

What we really care for in people is not their social standing nor the fashionableness of their haberdashery, but their kindness, reliability and integrity.

We worry because we worship Speed We fall down before the graven image of "Hustle." Our favorite text is: "God created the world in six days." Our motto is: "Keep moving."

The war should settle one thing: You cannot play ping-pong with the Ten Commandments and get away with it.

Some men are trying to live a secret Christian life. Imagine a noble husband trying to keep his marriage quiet.

Spirituality is seeing God in humdrum things and show-God in humdrum tasks.

The sufferings of the innocent have been the strongest saving element in history.

Science loves to find and label facts. Religion moves swiftly from facts into values.

You cannot help men in the mass unless you are willing to help a man. You cannot love the Church Universal unless you put some of your life into a Church Local.

A distinguished Massachusetts lawyer once said: "It is a mighty poor sermon that does not hit me somewhere."

The doors of the church are open to the street of human need; its windows open to the sky of divine help

President Wilson says of Christianity: "It is the only force in the world that I have ever heard of that does actually transform life."

Christians who regard foreign missions as the useless undertakings of misguided enthusiasts must have skipped some pages when they read the New Testament.

The church has a shining record of souls grown in men, and these are the men who have done the most to uplift humanity.

We are not aware that Sunday morning golf has ever built a single hospital endowed a single college or taught a single child how to live.

It is noticeable that those who in the Bible story found God among the untempled hills and under the infinitude of the stars were most eager to establish His sanctuary and feel His Spirit at the altar

Nature lovers find words for their own devout exhilarations in the Psalms; they ought also to find the fervid eulogies there pronounced upon the house of prayer.

The man who said: "The Heavens declare the glory of God" was not content with a Sabbath devoted to peripatetic contemplation of the wonders of the out-o-doors. His soul took him to church.

MOTHER'S DAY HYMN.

Written by George Atkinson for the Congregational Church, Campbell, California.

Faith of our Mothers, living still
In all things beautiful and bright;
Yea, nobly will we do God's will
And live our lives as in His sight.
Faith of our Mothers, Living Faith
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers, living still
In strong sons' lives and words of praise
We humbly own our debt to thee,
And love thee as in former days.
Faith of our Mothers, conquering Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers, living still
In deeds of love and service strong,
We gladly pledge our strength to thee
To soothe the sorrow, right the wrong.
Faith of our Mothers, saving Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our Mothers, living still
In words and truths that ne'er can die,
Thy sons and daughters ever dear
Shall claim the faith that brings God nigh.
Faith of our Mothers, holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

WHAT ONE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY HAS DONE.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational Church of Redwood City offers a prize of Five Dollars—Three Dollars for the first and Two Dollars for the second best hymn with music written by a member of members of any Christian Endeavor Society or Societies in the State of California.

Why not produce a hymnology for Christian Endeavorers? The latent talent of the young people of our State is equal to any task to which they set themselves, and Christian Endeavorers are worthy of the best, and we want **their** best.

The Redwood Society on this page of the Pacific has started the ball rolling. The stanzas were written by Curran Clark, and the music composed by Miss Louise Stevens, the daughter of Rev. C. H. Stevens of Redwood City, and a member of a very musical family.

In offering their prize, the Redwood Society make no conditions other than that the words and music are to be written by residents of California interested in Christian Endeavor work, not necessarily native sons or daughters, and be appropriate to Christian Endeavor or other religious services, and be considered worthy of publication by the judges who will pass upon them.

The words and music may be written by the same or different persons.

It has been suggested that the words and music be mailed to the Pacific on or before Nov. 1st, 1916, so that the committee can pass upon them and give them to our readers as a Christmas Greeting.

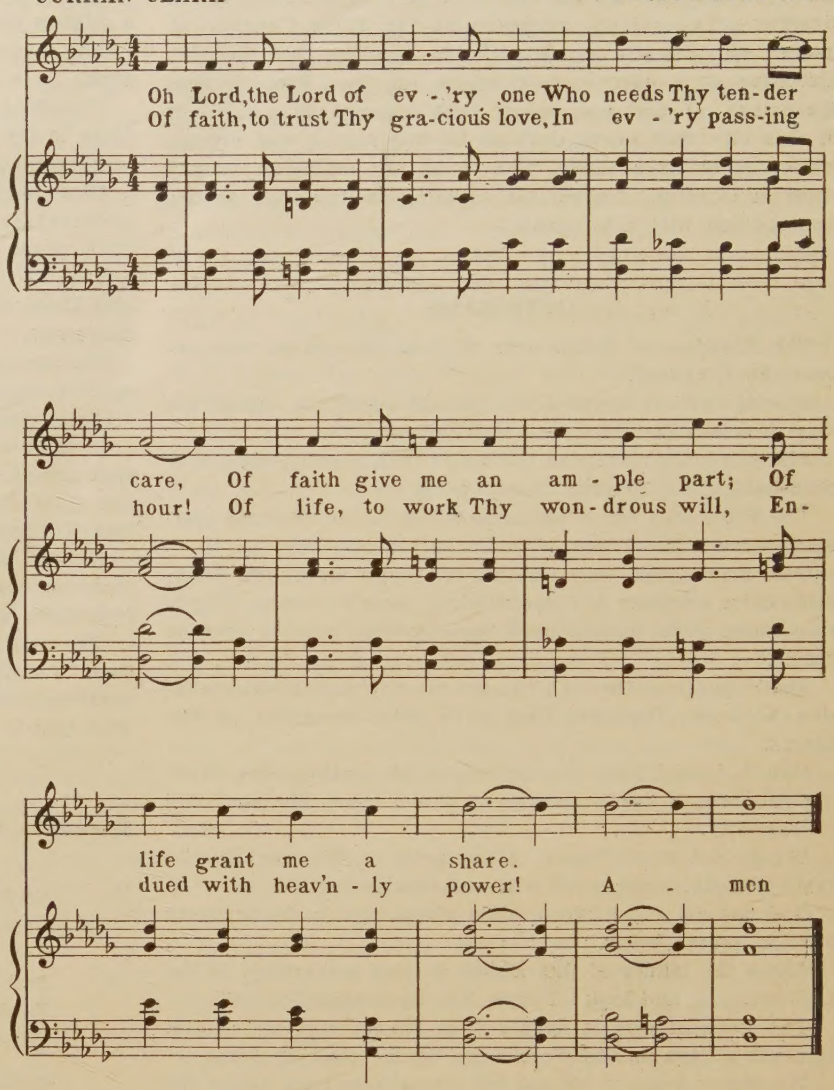
This suggests a theme for a Christmas anthem, but does not limit the contest to it. As soon as selected, the committee will be announced in the Pacific.

The Redwood Society have had printed in leaflet form, "My Prayer," which they offer for sale at nominal rates. The proceeds from the sales will be devoted to the work of their Society. Copies can be had by writing to Miss Louise Stevens, Redwood City, California.

My Prayer

Words by
CURRAN CLARK

Music by
LOUISE STEVENS


Oh Lord, the Lord of ev - 'ry one Who needs Thy ten-der
Of faith, to trust Thy gra-cious love, In ev - 'ry pass-ing
care, Of faith give me an am - ple part; Of
hour! Of life, to work Thy won-drous will, En-
life grant me a share.
dued with heav'n - ly power! A - men

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NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGERGATIONAL CONFERENCE AT CAMP CURRY, YOSEMITE.

At the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Curry the Northern California Congregational Conference voted in 1915 to hold the annual session of 1916 at Camp Curry, Yosemite. The meeting will be held, therefore, on July 25th-30th, inclusive. Morning and evening sessions will be held, the afternoons of each day being reserved for trips about the Valley.

The program committee has been at work now for some weeks arranging a very attractive and unique program, entirely suitable to the wonderful surroundings in which the Conference will meet. It is believed that the uplift of the meetings will be exceptional.

Mr. and Mrs. Curry have offered a rate of $1.50 per day, or $10.50 per week, for all delegates, and $12.50 for dependent members of their families. The regular rates of $15 per week will of course apply to all others. Mr. Curry has five reels of pictures which will remain in the vicinity of San Francisco during this season and arrangements can be made at the Conference office for their use at any place by payment of the expenses of the lecturer and moving picture machine. If a party of one hundred can be formed going into the Valley the rate for the round trip will be $15.05, and if a party of one hundred and twenty-five can be formed, arrangements can be made for a special daylight train.

The Conference office will be very glad to receive communications and answer questions with regard to the meeting. Address all inquiries to the superintendent, Leland D. Rathbone, at 417 Market Street, San Francisco.

LETTER FROM DR. AKED TO FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Mr. Morris Marcus, the clerk of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, received recently from the Rev. Dr. Aked a letter in reply to the one sent him by the church notifying him of the action taken on his resignation as pastor. It was in the main as follows:

"I have received the letter of February the fifteenth signed by you and by Mr. I. H. Morse. I am intensely grateful for the spirit and for the words of this communication. I shall always esteem as one of my treasures this expression of the feelings of my dear and honored friends in the Church I love. The memory of this brief, eventful ministry of mine will be with me, as a matter of course, while reason lasts; but not less conspicuously and not less continuously will abide with me the knowledge of this final kindness.

"I suppose I need not tell you that it was a shock to me to receive the news that my resignation had been accepted. I looked for the acceptance. I expected it. But it comes to many of us in a life's experience to look for the death of a loved one—and then to feel, as it were, a shock of surprise when the loved one is taken from us. I saw, and I see, the wisdom of the course which the Church has taken. And yet—and yet—it is hard to realize that I am no longer your pastor and that you are no longer my people.

"I am sorry that the practical difficulties were too great for the Church to face. In the nature of the case it was so. I do not doubt for a moment that you have been wisely guided. And yet I should have dearly liked to cherish the purpose of coming back to you in renewed health and vigor, with broadened outlook upon the great interests of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth and deepened consecration. But I have not chosen unwisely. I was bound to obey the imperative urging of my own soul's devotion to the cause of Peace and of international justice. You and others amongst my best friends may wonder whether any good will come of the work I am trying to do. 'The issue shall be in the hands of God.' I could do no other. And the Church could do no other, either. You were bound to address yourselves to the practicalities of the situation and adjust your conduct to the facts as they are. So, we have both done right; and, having **done** right, we **have** a right—a right to pray God's blessing on our respective tasks, and to expect the blessing at His hands.

"I shall follow with eager interest all early intimations of your successful search for a pastor. I hope and pray that the right man will very soon be found. I hope and pray that the future of the Church may be glorious."

SACRAMENTO VALLEY ASSOCIATION.

The Sacramento Valley Association met May 2-3; with the Congregational Church of Auburn as hosts; and splendidly did they manifest their hospitality. The ladies of the church provided the meals in a sumptuous manner. The genial pastor Rev. G. L. Schaeffer welcomed all and provided every personal comfort possible. The Association theme was "The Church of Jesus Christ."

The opening session found the moderator Rev. A. E. Bradstreet in the chair. Rev. F. V. Fisher of Oroville preached the convention sermon from the theme "The Origin-Nature-Function of the Christian Church." On Wednesday the convention theme was discussed as follows: The Ministry Within The Church, Rev. J. E. Tedford; The Church Ministering Through Preaching, Rev. A. B. Patten; The Church Ministering Through Prayer, Rev. W. H. Ogle; The Church Ministering Through Teaching, Rev. G. Hinman; The Perils Of The Christian Church, Rev. J. R. Shoemaker; The Church Ministering unto the Ends of the Earth, Rev. H. H. Kelsey.

Among The Churches

Next Monday Rev. Mr. Fenney will give the address at the Ministers' Club.

Pittsburg.—The Sunday School at this place purchased a piano recently.

Berkeley, North.—Nine persons united with the church on Sunday, May 7th.

First, Oakland.—Large congregation Sunday evening to hear Dr. Van Horn on temperance.

Sacramento, First.—Five persons were received into membership last Sunday, four on confession.

Sunset, San Francisco.—Rev. Singer occupied the pulpit morning and evening. Otulook encouraging.

Rev. G. A. Chanock and his family are now settled at 2630 Grant St., Berkeley. Telephone Berkeley 8202.

Rev. Geo. H. DeKay gave a talk at the Ministers' Monday Club on "Ten years experience of a minister in business" last Monday morning.

Berkeley, First.—Forty-nine persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday, twenty-four coming on confession.

Plymouth, Oakland.—A large congregation completely filling the fine auditorium, heard Mr. Palmer on "Yale and California," last Sunday evening. The University choir delighted the coigregation with exceptionally fine music.

Lemon Grove.—Rev. Merle A. Frost has accepted a unanimous and earnest call to the pastorate of the Lemon Grove Congregational Church, and is at work on the field. The church is practically a union church, being the only Protestant organization in the field. The edifice is nearly new, commodious and modern. Mr. Frost has held very successfull pastorates in Chicago, Seattle, and Miles, Iowa. He is a graduate of Olivet College and Chicago Theological Seminary. San Diego heartily welcomes him and anticipates good results from his ministry, as he is a mixer as well as popular preacher. He has two sons in Pomona College.

Cupertino.—The "Holy Week and Easter" services of the Cupertino Union Church (C. M. Streeter, pastor) were conducive of good will in all the departments of the church. There were ten baptisms, and eight united with the church on confession of faith at the Easter time. The Sunday School has reached its highest bark in enrollment and the largest in attendance in its history. The C. E. Society now has a membership of forty, nearly all of whom are High School, Normal or College students. The Christian En-

deavor is helping to solve the evening service problem, by either conducting it or getting some noted speaker.

Campbell.—Last Sunday we worshiped in our auditorium freshly papered and decorated, thanks to our efficient Guild. In the morning the pastor spoke on the situation in Turkey, illustrating his talk with slides made from photos taken by his brother, Dr. H. H. Atkinson of Harpoot, before his death. The pastor of the Campbell Church will be glad to give this talk with the slides to any of our churches so desiring. He used them this past week in the Soquel and Santa Cruz churches. On Mothers' Day we use a hymn written for the occasion by the pastor. Several of our California churches are planning to use the hymn also at that time.

Oakland, Myrtle.—Resolutions adopted by the Church on the departure of the Rev. J. B. Orr to take up work with the Boulevard Church contained this paragraph: "Resolved: That the Rev. James B. Orr has shown a tireless energy in his work here, and during his pastorate received a large number of new members into the Church, and has shown great resourcefulness in the face of many difficulties which has been fully appreciated, and in parting with him the entire church sincerely wishes him and his good wife God's richest blessings, and we feel sure that his talents will bring him great material and spiritual success in whatever field his lot may be cast."

Mission Hills, San Diego.—Under the active and progressive pastorate of the Rev. H. A. Roberts the church congregations have increased to the extent of necessitating the enlargement of the bungalow edifice erected under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Doane. This has been accomplished, a prayer meeting, Christian Endeavor, and Bible Class room accommodating 60 has been connected with the main audience room, and a large beginners' and dining-room adjoining, with modern fixtures, adds to the three other side rooms' capacity for the nearly 200 Sunday School members and 50 Christian Endeavorers in attendance upon their meetings. The Endeavor Society stands No. 2 in membership and No. 1 in efficiency in the city.

Hilo, Hawaii.—Work at the First Foreign Church at Hilo, Hawaii, under the pastorate of the Rev. Geo. Laughton, is progressing favorably. The Easter services were largely attended, and twelve people were taken in the fellowship of the church. A few weeks, ago, at the suggestion of the pastor, the trustees met and arranged for the purchase of a valuable piece of land on which to erect a social hall which shall also serve as a main Bible schoolroom. The plant, with its equipment, will cost in the neighborhood of $12,000. The money has already been raised. Last year, beside sadvancing the pastor's salary $500, the church contributed $4,000 for benevolent purposes. One of the best organized Bible schools in the Territory is connected with the church, also a progressive Young People's Society. In appreciation of the pastor's services, the members of the congregation recently presented him with a new automobile. He expects to visit his friends in San Francisco during the coming summer.

Alturas.—Five persons were welcomed to membership on Easter Sunday, four uniting on confession. During Passion Week we were fortunate in having Dr. and Mrs. L. D. Rathbone with us for special services. The services were well attended and the church was blessed and strengthened. The church is steadily growing in power and influence. Some months ago a Brotherhood consisting of twelve men was organized, and the influence was felt in the recent town election. Three men belonging to our church are now town officers—one a trustee, one the clerk, and another is treasurer. The entire ticket for town offices put into the field by the "Dry" forces was elected, and we are looking for better conditions. In fact, a new order is coming and has been making itself evident during the past two and a half years especially. The church is helping in the movement and is being helped by it. The church granted the pastor leave for two Sundays following Easter to assist in work at other points in this northern section. He has had a part in the formation of a church organization at Fort Bidwell and the organization of a Sunday School in Warner Valley in Oregon, Rev. H. M. Bowman going with the Alturas pastor on that trip. Next Sunday, at the direction of Superintendent Rathbone, who was called hence by the sudden and serious illness of his mother, Mr. Eckles goes to Big Valley and will preach at Adin, Lookout and Bieber. During the pastor's absence the Rev. I. C. Crook, former pastor of the Alturas Church, is acceptably filling this pulpit.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Editor of The Pacific is in attendance this week at the meeting of the Southern California Congregational Conference at Long Beach.

Mr. Fred W. Morrison, one of the student assastants in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, will have charge of the Sunday morning services in the chapel in Yosemite this summer, and of the Sunday evening services at Camp Curry.

The Rev. Thomas F. May has resigned the pastorate at Vancouver, Washington, the resignation to take effect the 1st of June. He will spend the summer in the East, giving attention to some business and family matters, and will return in the autumn to the Pacific Coast.

Professor W. W. Lovejoy, who has been spending a few weeks at Avalon, was greatly impressed by the **Retreat** held there recently by the Congregational ministers of Southern California. He writes: "No words of praise can tell what a success it was for spiritual fellowship of the highest order. Some of the deliverances by selection and appointment of particular men for the special themes, were of rarest quality, in depth, in earnestness of spirit, in directness of appeal as touching heart and conscience. I had only one regret—no competent report by expert stenographer was attempted. This **Retreat** of the Southern California brethren has become an institution, and they have learned to value it highly!"

BETHANY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BERKELEY.

Easter day was a beautiful day for Bethany. The largest congregation since reorganization was present and filled the chapel at the morning service. This was in charge of the children of the Sunday School who presented an excellent program under the direction of Mrs. L. C. Muther, one of

our recently received members, and Miss DeRochemont, the pianist.

The floral decorations were most beautiful, part of which was a large cross over six feet tall banked and covered with white calla lilie.

There was not so large an attendance at the evening services, though it was still about twice as large as usual. Special music was prepared and a fine spirit of friendship and devotion and joy marked the service. At the morning a special offering for benevolence was received, netting about half the Church's apportionment. The evening offering was also good. Special Easter day calendars were printed and distributed by the Boys' Club announcing the services for Easter and several services of special interest for the following weeks such as the presentation of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," and an address by Dr. F. W. Bade in the near future.

Our Sunday School, which has added some ten or twenty new members since New Year's, is now beginning vigorous plans again in preparation of Children's Day service which seems to be much appreciated by the parents and friends of the Church.

We had two pleasant surprises Easter Sunday. One was the presence of our Sunday School Superintendent at the morning service. Mrs. Stuart is just recovering from an operation and is not yet able to resume her duties as leader. The other was the presence of Rev. and Mrs. Huber Burr of the Park Church and several of that congregation who held a vesper service instead of the regular one. It was a joy also to have present, as we do every other week, our honored pioneer and veteran missionary of the coast, Rev. Joseph Rowell. None of us of the younger generation can look at those silver hairs and come into such presence without feeling a challenge to faithfulness and devotion.

TENTH ANNUAL SUMMER SESSION OF MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

The tenth annual summer session of the Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions will be held at Mount Hermon in the Santa Cruz mountains, July 17 to 22. The interdenominational text books to be used this year are (for Home Missions) "The Two Americas," and (for Foreign Missions) "World Missions and World Peace" by Caroline Atwater Mason, the author of "The Little Green God," etc. Mrs. Hallie Linn Hill, of New York City, the authorized speaker in colleges and universities for the Council of Women for Home Missions, will teach both the interdenominational text-books for us this year. Last year Mrs. Hill taught us the Home text-book and delighted and instructed us all out of her fund of accurate and interesting facts. This year Mrs. Hill has had the great privilege of attending the Congress of Christian work in Latin America, held at Panama in February. She will therefore come to us full of new and interesting information. We cannot afford to miss Mount Hermon this year.

The fee for registration in the school will be one dollar. This entitles the person registering to wear the badge of the school. All persons are welcome to drop in and listen to the lectures without charge. The ten-cent admittance to single lectures has been done away with. All are welcome.

Mrs. Lewis A. Pier of Palo Alto who conducted our morning Bible study last year will do so again this year. In the evenings there are to be popular illustrated lectures. There will be fine music. Young people's work will be emphasized this year. There will also be a course in Normal Training Missionaries of different denominations are expected to be present. Plan now to be at Mount Hermon Federate School of Missions July 17 to 22.

THE CHURCH FIELD IN LOS ANGELES.

Los Angeles has about 250 churches, with a total membership of 70,000 approximately. It may rightly be called "a city of churches."

However a recent statement by the Church Federation reads:

"But there are some sections of the city with teeming populations practically without a Protestant church. The East Side in Los Angeles bids fair to rival that of New York, because the Protestant churches have abandoned the field to the devil.

"Los Angeles is also a city of foreigners. There are over 40,000 Mexicans living in Los Angeles and less than 800 are members of Protestant churches. There are 10 missions for Mexicans in Los Angeles. This is the biggest home mission problem in Los Angeles. There are 23,000 Slavs in Los Angeles and one or two little missions among them. There are 35,000 Jews and two small missions. For 10,000 orientals there are five missions with 561 members. We have 20,000 Southern Europeans and almost no Protestant work among them.

"Here is a great unworked field for the Christian workers of Los Angeles. These people constitute our great problem with reference to disease, crime, poverty, unemployment and social unrest. This is true because the churches have neglected to cultivate the field.

"There are 23,676 children in the Sunday schools in Los Angeles and 83,000 children in the public schools."

THE INNER MEANING OF THE "BOOK OF JOB."

What is the real meaning of the Book of Job? What are the philosophical and religious implications of the problems which Job and his companions discuss in this ancient drama?

This is to be the subject of a course by Morris Jastrow, Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Pennsylvania and one of the world's most distinguished authorities on the Semitic religions and literatures, in the approaching Summer Session of the University of California, from June 26 to August 5.

The story of the development of religion among the Hebrews will be discussed by Professor Jastrow in five public evening lectures on "Priest, Prophet, and Rabbi." Assyrian, Arabic, and Hebrew will also be taught by Professor Jastrow in the Summer Session, provided at least five students apply for such courses, or for any one of the three.

Professor Jastrow has published many volumes on the origins of religion and on Semitic literature. European by birth, a graduate of Pennsylvania and Ph. D. of the University of Leipzig, he has published books on "The Religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians," "The Study of Religion," "Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions," etc., has edited the series of "Handbooks on the History of Religion," and has contributed to many encyclopedias and to the leading journals in the field of Semitics.

For The Children.

TONIC TASKS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

In these days of modern equipment many tasks that once fell naturally to the lot of boys and girls such as chopping kindling and carrying water have in a large measure been done away with. What may we find in their place that shall provide our children with wholesome employment, how give them tasks that will be performed not grudgingly but cheerfully and willingly and lead them to take their natural part in the life of the home? In other words, how shall we find invigorating work, tonic tasks, for our girls and boys?

Since human nature is human nature wherever found, suppose we consider this problem in the light of our own experience.What is it gives zest to our own work, transforming it from endless drudgery to an interesting and often inspiring achievement? Is it not the fact that it is our own task, for which we alone are responsible and which we may perform largely in our own way?

Give Her a Task for Her Own.

Let us give our child not the little ends of work we cannot find time to do ourselves but some definite, individual task for which she alone is responsible. One mother who has been especially successful in enlisting the energies of her children for years has left the setting of the table entirely to her two daughters. This was their task and they were to use their own individuality in performing it as artistically as possible. The result has been most gratifying both in the work accomplished and its effect upon the children themselves.

We all like to feel we have finished a definite piece of work, and children are no exception to the rule. My own little girl said to me one day. "I would so much rather do some real work than to tend the baby; for the work can be finished, and tending baby is never done!"

Of course, many times amusing the baby is one of the most helpful ways in which a child can assist a busy mother; but in that case let us give her the work for a definite time that she may feel that when the hour is over the task is satisfactorily completed.

To examine ourselves further, we mothers all like to do some creative work along with the rest and a week that Sdoes not witness making a garment, canning fruit or something else beside the routine of getting meals and cleaning up, is a very unsatisfactory week indeed. This desire to "make something" is strong in the child and should be given recognition. Call your little girl away from the dishpan now and then and give her some simple sewing that she can do "all herself."

One day when I was especially hurried I asked my 10 year old daughter how she would like to stir up a simple cake pudding that was to be our desert at dinner.

"Oh, mamma, may I do it all myself?" she cried, in delight.

I set out the various ingredients in proper quantities, explained briefly about creaming the butter and sugar and beating into the rest, and left the matter in her own hands. The result is that now Helen makes most of the cake puddings, and I find that with her strong young arms for stirring and her opportunity to give the baking her undivided attention Helen's puddings are generally better than mine. Best of all, her delight in her achievement has never flagged.

Then there is the "Shut-in" Boy.

"The problem of occupying the girl is not so difficult," some one says, "but oh, the boys!" That boys are something of a problem no mother can deny; yet I can but feel that part of the difficulty lies in our own misunderstanding of the situation. As we have been studying the girl from our own experience, let us study the boy from his father's. Have you known more than one or two men in your lifetime who, when away from business because of illness, a visit, old age, or other hindrance, could take up a share in the little duties of the home with skill and contentment?

Though our boys should know how to handle a dish towel or a broom on occasion as their father does, we should try whenever possible to find them also a manly task. Running errands, carrying bundles are distinctly manly duties; so are tending the furnace and shoveling paths in the winter. Boys even more markedly than girls are possessed of intense creative energy. As soon as it is at all practicable they should be allowed to mend common furniture, whitewash the back fence or hang new hinges on the gate. Almost any boy who is made to feel that such a task is his contribution to the family welfare will be glad to point with pride to some neat job and say, "I did it all myself!"

You who live where a kitchen garden is possible have a very valuable aid in providing your boys with employment. But here too the thought of personal achievement must be kept in mind. One spring, just at planting time, my husband had to be away from home for over two months; and our 12 year old boy, who had never been very energetic with hoe or shovel, found himself with the whole spring planting on his shoulders.

The Garden Developed His Ingenuity.

How he did set to work! And how carefully he dug and planted and planned! Various ideas of his father, which had seemed to make but slight impression before, were worked out in this garden of his own planting, together with many wise hints from current magazines and various devices conjured up by his own keen brain. Even after his father's return hoeing and weeding did not lose their charm, for was not this garden his own? It may not be practicable often to give a whole kitchen garden into the hands of a boy, but at least he should have a plot of his very own for whose good care he alone is responsible. As early as practicable the boy should be encouraged to exercise his man's instinct to earn money for himself and the household. There is no better way to gain a pride in honest toil or to teach the value and wise use of hard-earned wages. I know a boy from a well-to-do home who earned most of his expenses during his high school course by tending the lawns of his neighbors and I know many others of more tender years for whom a paper route has afforded a splendid independence.

Help the boy to make a wise disposal of his earnings, reserving a large share for clothing and other necessary expenses, putting aside a proper amount for church or other giving, and leaving him a fair sum for pocket money. Do not make the mistake of allowing him to squander his wages simply because he earned them himself. Encourage him to put something regularly in bank.

We have said we love our work because it is our own; let us make our children feel that all home work is theirs

too by taking them into our confidence and full companionship.

Confide to your girls the reason for certain household economies. Tell Mary you are doing your own work this winter to save enough for the family vacation next summer, and see how willingly she puts her shoulder to the wheel and how much more she enjoys the vacation when it does come.

How may we always teach our children the wonderful lesson of finding joy in the common task? Most of all, by finding joy in it themselves. Nothing in the world is more contagious than the glad, free spirit that takes up a task, however humble, not as a slave but as master, rejoicing in what its achievement shall mean. Give to your work, however commonplace it be, the dignity of a cheerful willingness to serve, then watch that spirit grow in your boys and girls.—May Griggs Van Voorhis, in the Continental.

AN EXCITING SALE.

"Tommie," called mother.

Tom dropped his playthings and came suddenly into the house.

"I am obliged to go to town," she said, as Tom appeared, "and I shall have to ask you to take care of baby Ruth while I am away. Get the little wagon and keep her out in the sunshine till I get back. She needs a bit of fresh air."

Tom reluctantly obeyed. With many a jerk and bump and much unnecessary noise, he finally got the wagon down the steps and brought it around to the side door. He came back for the baby, carried her out, set her down in the wagon, and jerked her short skirts around her chubby feet.

"Ain't she a nuisance?" he grumbled. "Just when a fellow has something on hand, he has to look after the baby!"

"Goo," said the baby, smiling into his face. She did not seem to mind his rude words.

Mother came out directly, tied a bonnet under baby's fat chin, kissed the moist red mouth, and gave Tom a little pat.

"Be good to her, dear," she said, as she hurried away.

Tom's scowl grew darker. With a quick jerk which nearly unbalanced the baby, he pulled her across the lawn and stretched himself out on the grass beside her. For a long time all was quiet. The baby played happily with her rattle and string of spools, while Tom lay on his back gazing at the clouds drifting across the blue sky. The fragrance of spring was in the air, and birds sang merrily. A bee droned lazily and sleepily along. Presently Tom was startled by a harsh voice.

"Tie him right where he is."

He looked up and on the other side were two queer looking men with a rope.

"He does not look like a bad boy, but he grumbles and complains every time he is asked to stay with his sister. Tie him fast with this rope."

Then they fastened down his hands and strapped his feet together.

"You nag him while I fix a platform," suggested one of them.

Tom saw him drag a large box out from under the porch. "This will do," he said.

The people were beginning to congregate in front of the gate.

"I wonder why the Browns are going to sell their baby?" asked one among the number.

"Oh, they have no one to look after her when Mrs. Brown wishes to leave home," was the reply. The circulars and hand-bills say she is very much in the way."

So the sale had been advertised! Tom turned sick and closed his eyes. When he looked up one of the little old men stood beside him with a cloth in his hand.

"Now we will blindfold you. When the sale is over, you will be rid of your sister. I guess you will be glad."

Tom heard the old fellow climbing on the platform, and he also heard the baby.

"Goo— da," she said.

He swallowed hard as he thought of the hard words he had uttered. Oh, if they would only let him have her back, he would never be mean again!

Then the sale began.

"Gentlemen," announced the old auctioneer, "I have here advertised a big, fine baby, one year old. I shall sell her piece by piece to the highest bidder. Who bids for her dimple. It is a lovely dimple, deeply imbedded in a soft, fat cheek. Do I hear a bid?"

"Twenty-five dollars," called a male voice.

"Twenty-five dollars for the dimple, twenty-five—going at twenty-five—going at twenty-five—going—"

"One hundred!"

"One hundred—do I hear another bid—going—gone."

Somebody had bought the dimple. Tom wondered who it was. The old man began once more.

"How much will you give for the curls? They are beautiful curls—gold in color and warranted to stay in all kinds of weather—who bids?"

"Fifty dollars," called a voice.

"Sixty!"

"Seventy-five. Do I hear another?—thank you, sir." Tom almost lost his senses for a moment. He just knew that Jones bought the curls. Only that morning Dave Jones wished that his sister had pretty curly hair.

"Here is her smile. Who bids?"

"One hundred!" yelled a voice.

"Two hundred!"

"Two hundred and fifty!"

"Going at two hundred and fifty—gone!"

Tom thought it was worth much more.

He remembered how baby had looked at him a few moments before. His body shook with sobs.

"Gentlemen, here is the baby's tear. Who bids—a tear—a baby's tear—the sweetest thing God ever made—will no one bid, will no one bid—"

Tom was frantic. No one wanted the tear, of course. The smile, the dimple, the curls were all in demand, but no one wanted to be bothered with her tear. He knew just how that tear looked. He could almost see it as it started. He could almost see the dear little mouth as it quivered when the tear ran down. He knew how pitiful baby could look. He would get up—he would—he would—

"Why, Tommie, I think you have been asleep!"

It was mother who spoke.

"I heard the baby crying before I left the car," she said.

"Oh, mother," sobbed Tom, "I had the worst dream! I

never will mean to the baby again as long as I live," he cried, as he rushed into his mother's arms.—Baptist Standard.

A FABLE WITH A MORAL.

"Put the young horse in plow," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field and gayly he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said young horse, rather surprised.

But Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plow as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning around to the old gray mare.

"Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd, indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed and he fell asleep again as he began to calculate how long it would take to plow it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the gray mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you will have me on your heels."

When the top came and another turn and the bottom and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your plowing I hope to have no more of it."

But his hopes were vain; for many days he plowed, till he got, not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats: "I say, Dobbin, this is better than plowing. Do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious," said the young horse.

"Then please, remember that if there were no plowing there would be no oats."

This little fable is as good for boys and girls as for horses. Can you find the moral?—Our Dumb Animals.

A NURSERY SONG.

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout
Are two little goblins black.
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of vigor, but not a long polar frost of indifference.—Scott.

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